

Good 298 Morning

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the co-operation of Office of Admiral (Submarines)

LIEUT. - COMMANDER L. W. A. BENNINGTON, one of the very few submarine commanders to have risen from the lower deck, is in the news again.

An Admiralty communiqué said:

One of H.M. submarines has reported the destruction of a Japanese cruiser of the Kuma class in the northern approaches to the Malacca Strait.

The enemy cruiser was sighted in company with a destroyer, and course was altered to intercept.

Proceeding at maximum speed, H.M. submarine closed to within a mile of the enemy, when a salvo of torpedoes was fired. Two hits were observed on the cruiser, which sank. An ineffective counter-attack by the escorting Jap destroyer then developed.

Three large Jap supply ships have also been sunk by the same submarine, which is commanded by Lieut.-Commander L. W. A. Bennington, D.S.O., D.S.C., R.N.

LIEUT. - COMMANDER L. W. A. BENNINGTON has had a thrilling career in the Submarine Service. It was he who commanded "Porpoise," which made history in carrying supplies to Malta.

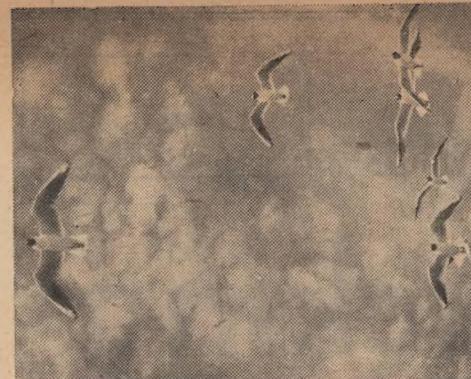
"Porpoise," the first submarine in which Lieut. Bennington served as a sub-lieutenant, survived without a single casualty one of the heaviest depth-charge attacks ever made on a British submarine.

For his services in the daring submarine "Tigris" on her most successful patrol he was awarded the D.S.C.

So I'm not the only poor guy who has to suffer the humiliation of seeing the red knob turned at eight o'clock each sabbath.

A CERTAIN A.B., whose home is at Cuffley, also likes to hear Vera Lynn, and, like me, he never succeeds in hearing a complete recording on account of the general uproar from the rest of the family.

Perhaps if there's enough of us we could get together and form a club, and have our own club room, where we could sit and listen in comfort. That is, of course, if anyone knows a club room which has goils sufficiently attractive that our minds would not be distracted from the beer.



Ron Richard's "Shop talk"

FROM a report of a patrol by LIEUT. VERSCHOYLE - CAMPBELL, D.S.C., I take the following: "A slight non-metallic thump was felt. It was found that the end of the voice-pipe to the gun and the open-sights had been flattened. The gun was covered by black slime, which emitted a fish-like smell."

"In his report the commanding officer said it was believed that the submarine was mistaken for an enemy or a playmate by some myopic or amorous fish possessing a singularly rough skin."

"From the damage done its size must have been considerable, but its shape remains a complete mystery."

Well, what do you know?

FROM a soldier, I hear that the crew of "CACHALOT," residing at the pleasure of the enemy in a North Italian prison camp, are well to the extent of being troublesome. In fact, he said that apart from the fact that they successfully disorganized everything, submariners were a worry to everyone; they never would get used to the idea of being prisoners.

WITH ten years in submarines, FRANCIS EDWARD NIBLETT, a chief engine-room artificer, gets the D.S.M.

There are none, I'm sure, who will deny this good guy the pints he deserves.

For myself, I solemnly pledge that the first packet of powdered beer to enter this office goes to him.

On the subject of awards, I met a Petty Officer who told a joke about a C.E.R.A. who joked about people who, "my brother Sylvest"-like, had rows of ribbons on his chest.

But then, you wouldn't know him, would you, Francis?

W. V. FRY, electrical artificer, of 55 Ophir Road, Portsmouth, who was recently awarded the D.S.M. for distinguished service in submarines, is now reported missing in H.M. Submarine "Trooper."

He attended the Junior Technical School, before entering the Fisgard as a boy artificer, and joined the Submarine Service before the outbreak of war.

He will be remembered locally as a promising water-colour artist, several of his works having been hung in Portsmouth and Newcastle art exhibitions.

FOUR submarines were launched in one day at Portsmouth, New Hampshire, I'm told.

Perhaps they won't need you any more now—eh? eh?

Ron Richards

Students of the University of Wales recently swooped into the City Hall, in Cardiff, with wild cat cries, captured the Lord Mayor (Ald. Fred Jones) and held him to ransom for £500. Pirates in fantastic costumes stood guard outside the City Hall demanding on passers-by to stand and deliver. They got the £500. In the past ten years the students have raised over £12,000 for the Royal Infirmary.

Your letters are welcome! Write to "Good Morning" c/o Press Division, Admiralty, London, S.W.1

Nature's Greatest Mystery

By Martin Thornhill

JUST about now, one of the world's greatest marvels, an event more mysterious than the most baffling of mystery yarns, will be re-enacted, perhaps for the twenty-millionth time. Yet the riddle will be very little nearer solution than it was twenty million years ago.

This real-life mystery is the migration of creatures winged, four-legged, and denizens of the deep sea and fast-flowing rivers. The more naturalists and scientists probe into this great secret of Nature, the more impenetrable does the puzzle become. Nobody knows exactly why the creatures of the earth migrate.

The most remarkable and uncanny of all animal excursions is that of the Scandinavian lemming. At intervals a whole colony of these rat-like rodents, having increased through successive generations to unwieldy numbers, suddenly feels an intense and unaccountable urge to move to some unknown destination.

Leaving the homes they have known for many months, they surge in thousands down the mountain sides and through the valleys. A good feeding ground may delay the pack awhile, only to intensify their mad rush towards the sea. Carrying nothing for the preying animals which lie in wait for them, fording rivers, trampling down young crops, heedless even of human beings, forgetful now of the pangs of hunger, the mob moves blindly on.

Reaching the sea, they plunge into the surf, where raiding fish, hovering expectantly close inshore, demolish them furiously, until the last remnants of the mighty procession, still swimming desperately oceanwards, are swallowed up by the open sea. The reason for this apparently insane behaviour nobody knows. Perhaps it is Nature's inexplicable way of ridding Scandinavia of what might otherwise become an uncontrollable pest. When one reads of the human toll of earthquakes, tidal waves, war and pestilence, one wonders if there may be a similar inexorable law which limits a too rapid increase of population among mankind.

Remember reading of that big transmigration of our own brown rats from the Lea Valley, Essex, a few years back? The bulk of the movement was from about 6 a.m. onwards. Workers walking to their jobs were seriously menaced, bitten about the legs, and had to set about them with sticks. I happened to be driving along this road late the previous night. The great trek had just begun and I shall never forget the sight.

Hundreds of ghostly pinpoints of green light darted, will-o'-the-wisp-like, hither and thither about the road and among the trees on either side. I knew what they were, though, and, thinking the movement might be at its height, drove straight through the pack rather than stop and risk being mauled by a hundred of the little brutes.

Rats don't normally migrate; this trek was forced on them by some big reclamation project in the river valley, the preparations for which the vermin had quickly sensed in the uncanny way they have.

An almost equally mysterious fellow as the lemming is the eel. After spending years in the rivers and lakes of countries which encircle the Atlantic, all grown eels of the same

age, impelled by a similar urge, migrate as far south as North Africa to escape the discomfiture right across the Atlantic from Britain in winter. Ocean to the Sargasso Sea. As in the case of eels, it must be largely instinct, or something else even more remarkable—which guides migrant birds to their destinations. Yet you may often see newly arrived birds following the courses of the rivers leading inland from the coast, then, as they near the upper reaches, distributing themselves over the country in search of breeding grounds.

You may sometime have been afloat in the English Channel during the actual arrival of a company of these feathered visitors. Then you won't easily have forgotten the clouds of birds which swooped on the vessel, flopping here, there and everywhere, too worn out after their severe buffeting by wind and storm to stir a muscle, or even to think of the urgent business of feeding. Islands off the South Coast are always favourite resting places before the last hop to the inland breeding haunts.

Much of the flying is done by night—further proof that it is chiefly a blind sense of direction which steers the birds to their journey's end. And thus it is that the bright windows of lighthouses account for so many deaths, many birds beating themselves against the panes of glass in their tired flight.

Have you noticed that the birds who come to the garden seem never to be greater in numbers than in the previous year, except, of course, after the young leave the nest? This is because of the immense toll of life which migration exacts. And it means that actually 90 per cent. of the birds which migrate must be lost during the outward and return journeys, leaving perhaps a single pair of each breed to return to their British homes.

News from Home for A.B. Fred Tilley

ALL'S well at home, A.B. because Marie fairly staggered our photographer when she began to exercise her vocal chords with "Lay that Pistol down, Babe!"

When we called at 40 Emery Avenue, Chorlton, Manchester, we were greeted by your mother—and by little Marie Fearn from next door—and, needless to say, were at once given a piping-hot cup of tea. You remember Marie, don't you? And how she was scared of you in your uniform? Well, she's grown up quite a lot since you last saw her. Your mother says Marie is never happier than when she is romping and having singing lessons from your Dad.

But—we are afraid that your Dad isn't so fond of classics. Uncle Bill and Aunt Elsie have also been home for a short stay.

Everyone at home is keeping well, and all send their love—especially Mum and Dad.

Good Hunting!



EL SEÑOR BURKY

The Exciting Life Story of a Roving Adventurer

LA CHORRERA was a village in itself, surrounding the residence of the general manager, Don Victor Macedo. This was a very big board building, perched on stilts, the lower part being used as a warehouse for rubber and merchandise.

Upstairs were rooms for the staff, managers of the out-lying plantations, and guests. Scattered about the estate were the dispensary, bakery, machine shop, forge, and the store-rooms of half-a-dozen different trades.

Standing by itself was the convento, where all the Indian servant girls were locked up for the night. This was to keep them away from the Barbados negroes who worked for the company. But love laughs at locksmiths, and so do buck niggers from the West Indies. On moonlight nights the coons swarmed on the roof of the convento like so many tom-cats, hanging head down over the eaves, blarneying the girls. It was a miracle that some of those black gargoyle did not overbalance and break their necks.

Don Victor strongly disapproved of such roof-top Romeos, and punished them severely when caught. Always polite and unruffled, he could be a holy terror when it suited him. He was undisputed monarch of La Chorrera, and thoroughly enjoyed the part.

But although hard, stern, and generally feared, Don Victor could unbend when he chose. Bruce, a Scottish-Peruvian, acquired a Borrano Indian woman, christened her Celia, and threw a party to celebrate the event. Hearing what was going on, the general manager walked in at midnight, clad in his wife's nightdress. A prayer book was produced, and he read the marriage service

Enter the Blood-sucking Vampire

PART IX

have to cut the rubber with their own highly manicured hands.

The answer was always the same, usually accompanied by a pointed yawn. "It is the smallpox, of course, and the ravages of fever. These aborigines have, unfortunately, no stamina. But don't worry! The woods are still full of them! There'll be enough to last our time!"

There is no doubt that disease had wiped out many thousands of Indians, but that was only half the story. The rest is a tale of senseless wholesale slaughter. Arana brought from Lima a number of young Peruvians—Alfonseca, Flores, Normand, and O'Donnell, among others—and installed them as managers of the different estates. For the most part they were young dandies, greedy, vain, and vicious, but they did believe in getting results. Often enough I have seen them presiding over the weighing of the crop, a loaded revolver lying on the table at their elbow. Armed with rifles, the trusted servants, known as

muchachos de confianza would be lounging in the background. Again and again, when a peon failed to bring in the required number of kilos, the manager would curse him coldly, lift his revolver, and shoot him stone dead.

We were sitting over our rum one evening, discussing the latest gossip, how one of the managers had murdered a cacique named Jose Maria, or Macapaxmena, and taken his wife and daughters as concubines. Opinion was generally against the manager in question, as caciques are chiefs of tribes, and killing them promotes considerable ill-feeling, which might go even as far as an ambush and a bullet in the back. All Europeans look much alike to an Indian, so there were chances of a mistake which could not be put right afterwards. In the midst of the discussion, a mozo, or servant, entered, summoning me to the presence of Don Victor.

The general manager told me I was to be transferred to the sub-plantation of

With Our Roving Cameraman



RIDE HIM, COWBOY!

But cowboy didn't, even although the rider was in this instance the world champion, Leonard Ward. Let's name the horse, too. He is Piccolo Pete, and he let Ward keep the saddle for exactly ten seconds before he delivered the toss to the dry, hard earth. It happened in Saugus, California, where Ward has a big name. But so has Piccolo Pete.

JANE



Answers to Wangling Words—No. 297

1. Sound of a trumpet.
2. (a) Arnold Bennett, (b) Tolstoy.
3. Osborne is no longer a Royal residence; the others are.
4. Cheetah; 70 m.p.h.
5. Curling.
6. Right.
7. Oblivion, Oblivious, Obstreperous.
8. India.
9. Queen of Sheba.
10. Piano.
11. Both.
12. (a) Law, (b) Without straw.

CROSSWORD CORNER



CLUES ACROSS.
1. Door post.
5. Bottle.
10. Non-experts.
11. Number.
12. Occur.
13. Variegated.
15. Murmur.
16. Successive stages.
17. Proverb.
19. Wash.
21. From.
22. Time of day.
23. Unit of length.
26. Intended to convey.
29. Famous Iraq river.
31. Affliction.
32. Governess.
33. Mend.
34. Poem.
35. Fish.
36. Wide of.
37. Space of time.

PIPS SPARRED
ARISE NOEL
YACHT DOVES
TOOTH KEG
RETREAT RYE
E TENORS N
SET SKY ACT
PROWE BLUR
INTEGRAL BA
READY DOYEN
EL PROTEST

CLUES DOWN.

2. In normal voice. 3. Parent. 4. Cricket score. 5. Transfer. 6. Mixed letters. 7. Poplar. 8. Puts on record. 9. Devonshire river. 12. Fissure. 14. Chief. 16. Put off. 18. Ravine. 20. Had dinner. 24. Musical study. 25. Paving slabs. 27. Conscious. 28. European language. 30. Anglesey. 32. Despoil. 33. Moisture.

Abisinia, and introduced me to Senor Aguerro, the man in charge. At dawn we set out, wearing the usual pyjamas tucked into the tops of our socks. On the way an Indian shot a small native pig known as wongana, which was roasted and eaten on the spot. The meal was topped off with some fat white worms called mujahoy, which the peons dug out of a rotten log with the points of their machetes, or cutlasses. Those worms were good. When the men could find no more we continued the march.

It was many years since I had walked such a distance, and towards evening my feet became so swollen and painful that I could not carry on. Aguerro got the men to cut a long pole and sling a hammock to it. They hoisted the pole on to their shoulders, three men at each end, and I was carried along in state like Cleopatra, except that I was smoking a cigar. When we got within a mile of the sheringal the manager fired several shots into the air, to let his servants know he was near. Baths and food were ready for our arrival.

As at La Chorrera, the manager's house was built on stilts; but there the resemblance ended. For some reason the huge structure was in the form of a ship, complete with bow and stern. There was a guard-room amidships, with racks holding thirty Mannlicher and thirty Winchester rifles, and with 5,000 rounds of ammunition. All the employees carried revolvers. An armed guard was set at sunset, and relieved every two hours during the night.

At ten-minute intervals the guards sounded a brass ship's bell, to prove that they were alert. The Indians on the estate were in an ugly mood, and it was feared that they would rush the place in the dark. Everybody seemed rather jumpy. But I was too tired to notice much of this the night of my arrival. I just turned in and slept. Next morning I awoke feel-

ing more exhausted than ever, and found the foot of my bed drenched in blood. That scared me a bit, and I must have sung out, for Aguerro came running, with a Mauser in his hand.

He roared with laughter when I pointed to my blood-soaked blankets. "You've been bitten by a vampire bat! Look at your toe, Burky! Look at your toe! We knew this would happen when we saw you forgot to fix a mosquito-net. We even had bets on it. Oh, Santa Maria, what a joke!"

I suppose I can take a joke as well as the next man, but that seemed going a bit too far. I jumped out of bed, with the intention of giving the manager a nice, humorous smack in the mouth, staggered, and flopped back. I must have lost quarts of blood, for I was as weak as a kitten. This struck Aguerro as the funniest thing yet. He went off cackling to spread the news. As I listened to the general merriment I decided that Latin-Americans came low in the scale of civilisation.

(To be continued)

Answer to Picture Quiz in No. 297: Cotton Bale.

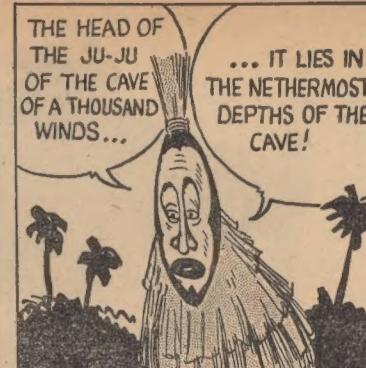
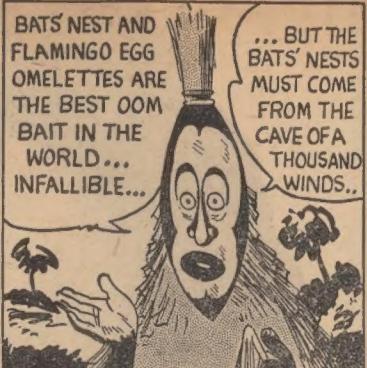
WANGLING WORDS—253

1. Put a foreign coin in TD, and make it worried.
2. Rearrange the letters of TRAITOR LOVE, to make a famous opera.
3. Altering one letter at a time, and making a new word with each alteration, change HOSE into SHOE, COOK into BEEF, WIDE into BALL, STONY into BROKE.
4. How many 4-letter and 5-letter words can you make from DEPREDATIONS?

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 252

1. LASHINGS.
2. THOMAS CARLYLE.
3. LION, LOON, COON, COOS, COGS, BOGS, BAGS, RAGS, RAGE, CAGE, BOAR, BOAS, BOGS, FOOGS, FIGS, PIGS, LANCS, LANES, CANES, CARES, CORES, CORKS, YORKS.
4. BOOK, BOOT, BOLT, BOLE, BALE, PALE, PAGE.
5. Mast, Mist, Mice, Same, Stem, Rest, Star, Rats, Arts, Pert, Peat, Tape, Pier, Ripe, Pare, Pear, Tear, Tare, Rate, Mate, Team, Tame, Meat, Seam, Sate, Seat, Tier, Rite, Item, Mite, etc.
6. Tease, Piece, Price, Raise, Terse, Aster, Steer, Rates, Stare, Paste, Tapes, Mitre, Spate, Peace, Pease, Crape, Crate, Trace, Smite, Stair, Stamp, etc.

BEELZEBUB JONES



BELINDA



POPEYE



RUGGLES



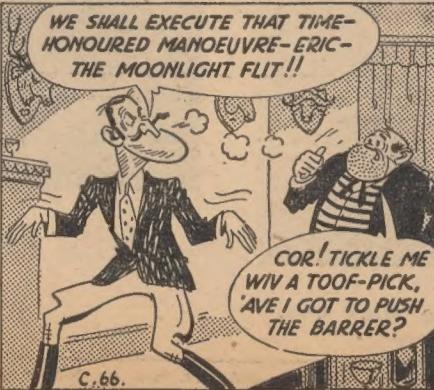
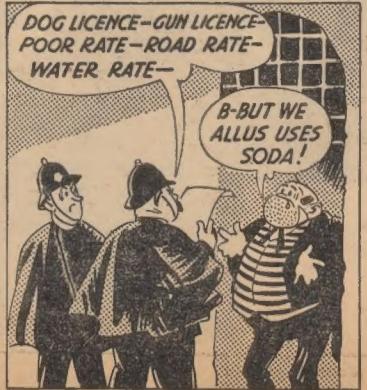
LOOK HERE BILL, YOU PASS OUR HOUSE AT 7-30 IN THE MORNING - WHAT ABOUT GIVING US A SHOUT!

ONLY TOO PLEASED - HATE TO THINK OF YOU SNORING WHILE I'M OUT IN THE COLD!

GARTH



JUST JAKE



Just Fancy—

By Odo Drew

SO "Little Red Riding" Hood has joined the Women's Land Army.

It seems only the other day that she was being featured in the Sunday papers after her adventures with the wolf. The story, as related at the time, was, of course, full of inaccuracies. It was stated, for example, that she was taking delicacies to her sick Granny.

The truth was that Mrs. Hood, senr., who was working in a local munition factory, had no time to do her own shopping. The basket contained a selection of things that appeal to the nowadays sophisticated country appetite—a packet of dried eggs, a small tin of Spam, some dehydrated meat, and a few apple rings.

Though she was known to be temporarily hard-up—having just bought herself a couple of fur coats and a piano-accordion—it was an unpleasant surprise to her granddaughter to find the wolf actually at the door.

Further, the wolf was not shot; it was speared. The woodman, a keen Home Guard, was going off to parade with his newly arrived pike. The fact that the head of the pike broke off in the animal's body was deleted by the censor.

AUNT FANNY.

AUNT FANNY seems to be going to pieces. Professor Thomas Carlyle, with whom she is supposed to be studying English, prior to taking up her appointment on the staff of "Good Morning," has written me to say that she is devoting a lot of time to "welfare" work amongst American troops stationed nearby.

By the same post came a letter from Auntie herself. As it is written in Scots, I will translate part of it.

She says (in effect): "Don't you think that, often, the most important work for one is that which lies nearest to hand? I am becoming convinced that the best contribution I can make to the war effort is to 'mother' some of the lonely doughboys who are thousands of miles away from their loved ones. There are many charming soldiers here from over there."

"One I particularly want to meet is, I am told, called Al Capone, junr., and his father, so they tell me, is one of the biggest employers of labour in the States."

"They call him, in their delightfully descriptive way, Gangster No. 1. That is, I suppose, a foreman or superintendent on the largest scale. Another interest—and how this would please Compton Mackenzie—that the father has is in an island named Alcatraz, where business men who have fallen by the way can go and rest for an indefinite period at no cost to themselves."

"What a charming idea! Far from the toil and strife of the busy world—on a little island with everything provided for one. Old Mr. Capone, I believe, spent some time there himself. Incidentally, I have had to sell out £200 of my Dunoon Three per Cents...."

In view of the latter statement, I may say that I am retaining four letters from Service men who write about Aunt Fanny's offer of her hand. The old buzzard PLUS dowry might be bearable, but MINUS money she would be a boll on the neck.

Referring to her three-year contract with us, she remarks that "it is just too bad for the suckers" who signed her up. By the way, in a postscript, she remarks vaguely, "I think poker much more interesting than whist."

JOHN BARLEYCORN.

A LETTER just to hand from John Barleycorn, whom we sent to tour the country and find out for Service men overseas what people are thinking about in the fifth year of war, complains bitterly of my recent suggestion that he was confusing thinking with drinking.

He says: "It should be evident to the meanest intelligence that it is only when people are drinking—and I mean man's drinking—that one finds out what they are thinking."

"Haven you never heard of 'In vino veritas?' I consider that the report of my tour will rank with the Domesday Book and Gulliver's Travels."

"Please express me another £50 a/c exes, and don't try and crab my job. It takes a lot of planning to find places where I can drink for the fourteen hours a day I am devoting to work."

Barleycorn, who was last heard of in three Peterborough hotels, now seems to be completely off his planned route. For some reason or other he has branched off south-east to the "Jolly Sailors" at Heybridge Basin, on the River Blackwater.

FOOTNOTE.

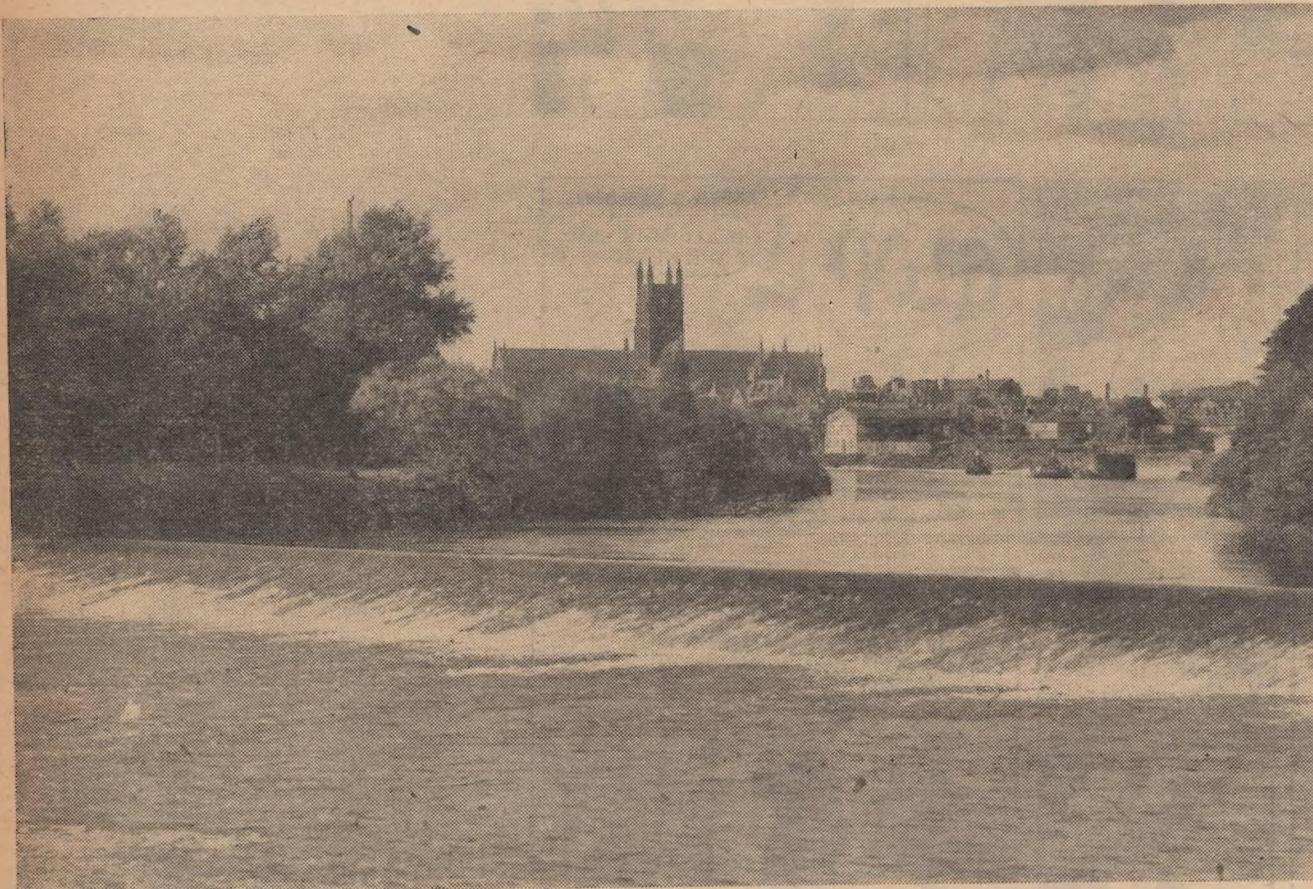
WHO should I see last night at the "Scalded Cat," dancing with Douglas Byng, but Flora Macdonald?

Send your Stories, Jokes and Ideas to the Editor

Good
Morning

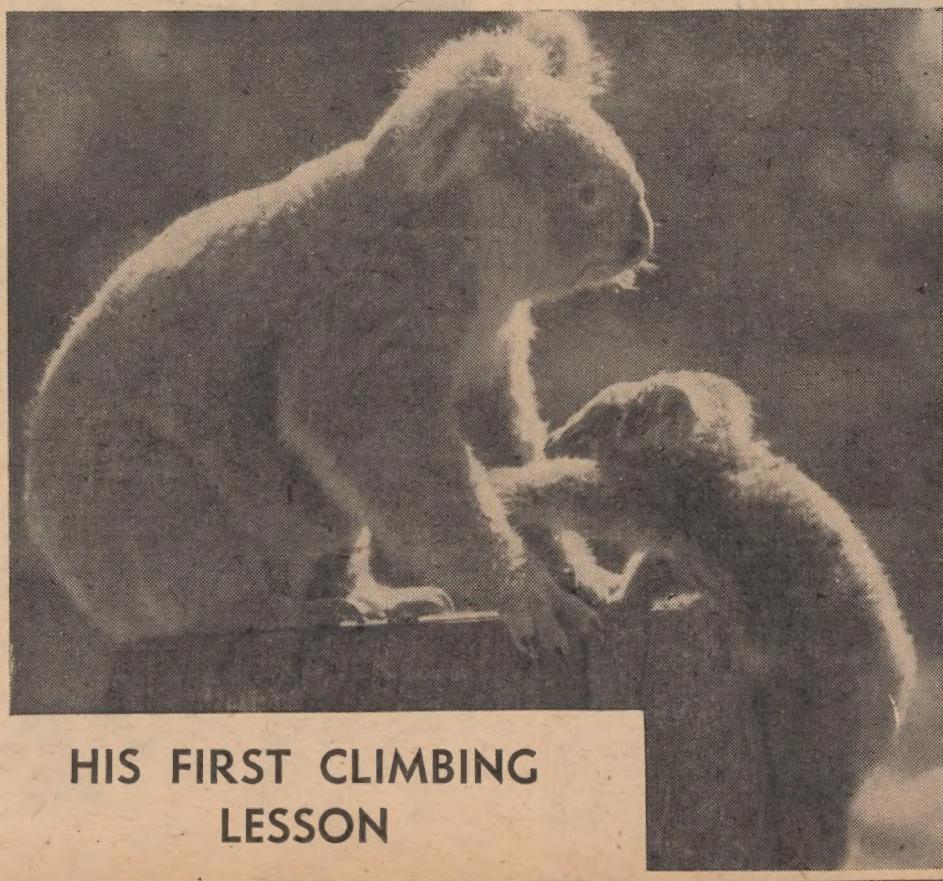


"Now please keep very still, and stop moving that paw. Dear, dear. Why did I ever choose such a subject for my test picture for the Royal Photographic Society?"



This England

Worcester Cathedral, as seen from Diglis Weir,
Worcestershire.



HIS FIRST CLIMBING
LESSON

"How can a guy go on the scrounge with that
big baboon hanging around all the time?"

A WINKING STARLET

Toni Greene, who is appearing with such success in the Jack Buchanan show, "It's Time to Dance," at the Lyric.

OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

"On the 'up-and-up,' huh?"

